

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. X.]

OCTOBER 1850.

[No. II.]

MILTON, THE PATRIOT.

"Great men," says Carlyle, "take them as you will, are profitable company. Could we see them well we should get some insight into the very marrow of the world's history." It is well for us that there is something so attractive in the society of the great men of the earth—that our thoughts so frequently revert to them—so earnestly dwell upon them. All associations and recollections connected with them may not be pleasant or profitable, yet we may find, for the most part, in their recorded thoughts and deeds, matters well worthy of our earnest contemplation. Clear conceptions of the true dignity of man—strong convictions of the superiority of duty to interest—some glimpses of the power of truth in restraining, sustaining and elevating the soul—an idea of the influence which an individual mind may wield, and of responsibility for its exercise—all these, and many other lessons may be deduced, for our encouragement and admonition, from those bright examples of greatness and goodness which shine forth from the firmament of the past. It is our hope that some one of these teachings may be impressed upon us by a glance which we are about to cast at a single point in the life of one of the truly great men of the world.

Two hundred years ago in a small house on one of the most frequented streets of the city of London, there lived a man

whose poetic fame is one of the brightest gems in the crown of England's glory. An eventful period in that man's life we shall attempt to bring before you. A period eventful not to him alone but to England and humanity, momentous. There are times in the lives of nearly all when the feelings of a life time seem to concentrate in a single moment—when all the past and all the future with their mighty waves of memory and anticipation beat with a violence resistless upon a point of time. This is the turning period of that "tide in the affairs of men" on whose ebb or flood depends their dearest interests. With a full consciousness that he had come to such a point at the time of which we speak, sat John Milton, that poet of immortal fame. Though not old, severe study and his intense interest in the revolutionary cause had placed some wrinkles on his lofty brow and given his pleasing countenance a care-worn look. But those who were accustomed to the deep thoughtfulness of his features might have then seen a deeper anxiety than was usual even there. A struggle was going on within which he only can understand who fully comprehends the mind and soul breathing through *Paradise Lost*. Within a short time the powerful argument of Salmasius in behalf of the beheaded Charles had appeared before the people of Europe and had begun to work to the prejudice and injury of the republican cause. It demanded therefore an answer. Parliament knew well to whom they might best turn. Cromwell's Latin Secretary was already distinguished in the controversies of the times as well as by the publication of his earlier poems. He was therefore publicly requested to take up the gauntlet against the most learned man of the world for the defence of the commonwealth and republicanism. It was the evening of the day on which the request was made. His physicians had assured him that the weakness of sight which had long been stealing over him would in case of his compliance be speedily exchanged for total blindness. Should he do it? This was the question which caused a deeper shade to cover his brow, an anxious thoughtfulness to mark his features. What would follow his refusal? Then error and falsehood, clothed in the garb of

truth, would stalk through the world unnoticed and unrefuted. Those true and noble principles for which he had been so long contending would be misrepresented and reviled and none would stand up in their defence. And he would have the consciousness of confining within himself those thoughts of mighty power which had been given not for himself alone. But should he comply, what then? He looked around upon the loved faces so familiar to his view, and then he thought that no more would glances of love meet his eye. He turned that eye towards the declining sun which was sending a serene and gentle light around him and he felt how awful it would be to see those beams no more. To this deep-hearted poet there was a special terror in the idea of blindness. Nature had for him such fair, deep beauty in every scene as most men do not see. The cheerful sunlight—the mild brilliancy of the stars—the varied hues which earth puts on through the changing seasons, were to him as the smiles of the creator's face. Was it wonderful then that he should hesitate when he thought of the time when he should be compelled to sing

“not to me returns
Night, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
But cloud instead and ever during dark
Surround me.”

Yet he could not long hesitate. He was too steadfast in his devotion to truth, to quench the burning thoughts that struggled within him for expression. He had too strong a conviction of his responsibility to exercise his mighty mind to allow its powers to lie dormant. He had too pure a patriotism to be content for the dearest of his own interests, to neglect aught that might benefit his country. And he made his decision. The “*Defensio pro populo Anglicano*” was written, Salmasius was answered, and the cause of the English Republicans vindicated.

And what followed of Milton himself? True it was that the blindness came over his eyes but there was the light of a peaceful conscience within his soul. True it was he saw no more the beautiful face of nature, but he could still gaze in rapt adora-

tion upon him who dwells in light on which human eye shall never look. Fancy and imagination became the sole sources of his vision. And who shall say how many of the sublimer conceptions of the *Paradise Lost* may be owing to the blindness of his latter days, which shutting out all earthly objects, left him to the entire contemplation of things invisible. Blind old Milton! Grand and glorious is he not only as the worthy peer of the blind bard of Scio's rocky isle, but as the fit associate of Hampden and Sidney who in the field and on the block won for themselves the crown of political martyrdom. May we who enjoy that government which he so much desired for his own loved England never fail to cherish the memory of Milton the Patriot!

N.

LINES OF THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

I.

Anne as I sit down to-night
 In nature's calm and holy hour,
 The music of our childhood days
 Steals o'er my soul with magic power,
 Dim phantoms of a far off time
 Float on the tides of thought again
 Like to the memory of a dream,
 Or light of cloistered fane.

II.

The moon, the lover's sun pours down
 Her quiet, melancholy light,
 And all the old familiar stars
 Still sparkle on the brow of night;
 The tide of memory runs back,
 Dear Anne, to that joyous time
 When we, with infantine delight
 Gazed on those "spheres sublime."

III.

And well, I thought at that glad hour
 When you and I in hope were one—
 That as those children of the sky
 Received their glory from the sun—

So the depths of thy liquid eye
From the soul their splendour won,
And the quickness of its fiery flash
The rapid light outrun.

IV.

And years have gone and changes come,
And death, familiar voices hushed—
Ambition's young and golden flowers
By time's unsparing footsteps crush'd.
And when the clouds have passed to-day,
Leaving behind a gloom of sorrow,
Along their track would calmly break
The rainbow on the morrow.

V.

In all these changes we have kept
The fires of our devotion warm;
Heart turn'd to heart, and voice to voice
In the fair sunshine and the storm—
And thus we'll float adown the tide
That bears us to the shoreless sea,
Where Hope and Faith reveal e'en now
A blest eternity!

T.

ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.

There is a class ever striving to extend the limits of human knowledge by means forbidden. They know that there are in the various branches of worldly knowledge, many things of which they are yet ignorant. But from a vain curiosity, they are ever seeking to discover secrets, which the present must conceal. Such men are satisfied with no theory of human progress and elevation. Neither the idea that there is in the human constitution an innate principle ever working out the history of the race, nor yet that more sublime truth, that the whole scheme of the world's history is one vast design, in the hands of God, can satisfy the cravings of their morbid appetite. They wilfully forget that the whole design is not yet complete, and consequently that the fitness of each separate part of the vast fabric can not yet be seen. They still vainly, rashly endeavour to discover

the philosophy of each step, in the world's march of knowledge and experience. Then failing in their attempt, they suppose it is from lack of information that they have been thwarted. They lament that they find not in the fabulous records of ancient time that full and accurate narration of events, that philosophic inquiry into the causes and consequences which are so essential to the just appreciation of the world's progress, and to the proper deductions of wisdom from the experience of the world's ancient inhabitants. They forget, that in this department, as well as in any other, mankind has had to obtain knowledge by experience. Indeed it evidences the wise constitution of his nature, that there is in the heart of man, this raging desire to know something of those men who having filled the place he now holds, have passed away from earth. He sees around him all the evidences of past life. His nature tells him that he is not the first of his race, and he casts about him to find some memorial of the departed, besides those outward expressions of their inner life, which he beholds in surrounding works. Mindful of his own first desires, he remembers posterity, and transmits to them by various means, all his knowledge of things and persons, past and present. There is nothing which better marks the progress of a nation, than the characters of its historical writings. They mark often great epochs in the world's existence. They often express a rapid change, in a whole nation's thought, and the sudden shifting in the world's system of political economy. In tracing back the course of history, we find that in almost every nation in the world, it had its origin in ballads sung by ancient minstrels at the banquets of their lords. These were generally mere recitals in rude poetic strain of the glorious deeds of their ancestors. There the truth was generally forgotten in the desire to pander to the taste of a royal master. These oral histories were almost entirely fabulous. They went forth, and nations received them and handed them down by word of mouth. As the world grew older, and men were less disposed to deify their heroes, these royal minstrelsies were laid aside. The people now were gaining ground and their tastes must be cultivated. The scene is changed. The minstrel now wanders

throughout the land, but instead of the martial deeds of kingly ancestors in the banquet-hall of a royal master, he recounts in the open air, to motley groups of people, the exploits of their heroes, and these histories, still fabulous, are given to posterity in the garb of truth.

Still the stream flows on, still men must learn something about their ancestors. But the people becoming now in some degree, satisfied of the falsity of their ancient records; symbols understood by all are introduced, and written histories are given forth. These ever with the onward tide of man's experience, are borne along, always becoming more and more the faithful chroniclers of events as they are, and not as they seem to be, or are fabled to have been.

The prominent characteristic of Ancient History is its falsity. The province of the historian was then merely to please his readers. Hence, whatever fable of fiction which either by its highly-wrought coloring, or glaring prejudice, could best please the royal, and in later times, the popular taste, was engrafted into history. And men heeded not that they were misleading, perhaps fatally, the generations who were to come after. The mind was in its infancy. Men were destitute of the spirit of inquiry. When an occurrence grand and marvellous was exhibited to them, they were content to admire and believe. Every thing was new around them. They were struck aghast at nature's wonders, and standing in dread awe, cared not to inquire into the reasons of things. They feared to discover the process of events. The imagination held the ascendancy over the reasoning faculties. The feelings required to be excited and pleased, and men cared not to satisfy the urgent demands of reason. The state of the mind which then characterized the race stamped itself indelibly on their vague, historical records. Homer wandered a blind minstrel over the land of Greece, and men gazed in mute admiration, as he sung the spirit-stirring battles of the plains of Troy. Their hearts were gratified, yet they cared not to inquire into the truth of these wondrous histories. Thus sung many a historian of ancient time. And as the ages rolled on, and the spirit of inquiry in man in-

creased its workings, still he read the fables of the historian, and the time had not yet come, when he wished to investigate their truth. Far down in Grecian time, Herodotus, the father of Grecian history, at the olympic games, read to the enrapt audience passages from his moving records, and the young Thucydides wept at the story of the wrongs of Greece. Men's hearts were inflamed, and the highly colored narration of the sweet voiced reader was received as truth. They were loath to cool their ardent feelings, and weeping, wished not to search out its truth.

Yet how sudden is the change in the state of Grecian mind. Not a quarter of a century passed away, and the youth whom Herodotus so deeply moved at the Olympiad, became the author of the most reliable of Grecian works, for the history of Thucydides, with its calm truthfulness, now touched the heart of Greece. Thus steadily as the mind of the mass has progressed, the province of the historian has become a nobler one. Men are not now content with wild and exciting descriptions of battles, unimportant in their effects, and of doubtful historic truth.

That is not now reckoned a satisfactory or truthful history which narrates only the exploits of some partisan hero. The imagination must now be held in check, for the labour of the historian is to be subjected to a cold and rigid scrutiny. As reverence for monarchs and heroes has waned, slowly the conviction has forced itself into the minds of men, that the history which gives no account of the people, is in the highest degree, unsatisfactory and incomplete. This is the characteristic of this age of free governments. The spirit of inquiry ranges abroad, and will not be satisfied with any thing short of full, complete, and unqualified truth. The stream of history at its source, feeble and shallow, now rolls at our feet in a channel, "rapid, exhaustless, deep." Partiality and prejudice will ever prevail in some degree, but wilful and deliberate error will find its reward. History can never be reduced to an exact science, but the wants of men now so well known, leave to the historian, the exercise of skill in the *manner*, and not the *matter* of his history. To us in this enlightened age it may appear that the science of history

is complete, but there may yet be, in man's nature hidden necessities not now developed. The present state of the world indicates, at no distant day, some great change in the face of political nature; some mighty revolution, a vast breaking up of the foundations of existing errors, which shall require in the true historian, the exercise of new powers. The impartial historian now stands on an eminence lofty indeed. His is a character which the world beholds in silent admiration. But in after ages, when great changes shall have taken place in the political world, who shall set the bounds to his mighty influence for good? Who shall say to its ever extending power, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?"

H.

SKETCHES OF OUR PARTS.

No. I.

MR. EDITOR—Did you ever belong to a debating society? I don't mean one where the members possess enough learning and science, to confound honest men; but a debating society, in which most probably there is but one member, who knows any thing about the mysterious art of chirography, and he is the secretary, and but one who has been initiated into the mysteries of reading, who is the president. Well, if you never belonged to such, I do assure you, there is a sublime gratification therein. If you will accompany me to one where I have often attended, I will introduce you to the various characters, who constitute such an intellectual association. In the first place observe the president. He is the oracle of the community, because he was sent to school three consecutive winters, and in the parlance of his neighborhood "got just as much larnin' as any honest man ought to have." Whenever any question, historical or classical, springs up in the doubting minds of his associates, he is the tribunal to which it is submitted for arbitration. He is the "Sir Oracle" of Shakspeare, "when he opes his mouth let

no dog bark." And there has never been known an instance, where an appeal was taken from his determination of any question. It is unnecessary to add, that he received the almost unanimous suffrages, of the members of the Washington Debating Society for their first President. When he ascended the chair of state, he delivered an inaugural, in which he made divers allusions to Greece and Rome, to the delectation of the numerous auditory, and in conclusion, he warned them of the rocks upon which those republics had split.

Do you observe that sickly looking countenance, just peering over the desk at the side of the president, appertaining to which countenance are two small eyes, rolling about in a sallow parterre with a most melancholy expression, a nose which has a singular predilection for the right eye, deflecting thitherward, in an angle of forty-five degrees, and a mouth with an equal perversion for the sinister eye? That is Peter Hubbs, the secretary of the society and master shoemaker of the surrounding country. It has long been a mystery to all the old maids of the neighborhood how he learned to write—some say it was a gratuitous dispensation of the devil to atone for his obliquity of visage, whilst others less liberal to his satanic majesty, affirm that he learned "in spite of the devil." But however he became possessed of this wonderful art, his knowledge of it has given him much importance in the community. Besides being made secretary of the society, and being talked of for county clerk, he has been admitted into all the secrets of the loving swains and reciprocating damsels of his acquaintance. He writes their amatory epistles and reads their amatory replies, with a volubility and tenderness really amazing. If he is not made secretary of the commonwealth in a short time, it will be because the public generally have not such a keen appreciation of his abilities as his immediate neighbors have.

But see that spruce youth sitting on the left of the secretary, casting such winning glances ever and anon to the fair women of the assembly. That is Timothy Brown, the greatest gallant of the whole country; never is there a quilting-frolic, a party or an apple-cutting, to which dashing Timothy is not invited.

He has a ruddy face, with a devil-may-care expression, which is quite taking with the girls, but which makes the old people shake their heads with an ominous significance, fore-tokening a most miserable lot to him, unless he give over his rakish habits. His hair is sandy, shaved close behind, but long in front, the ends of each "particular hair" having run to seed around the lower corner of his ears. Every evening of the debating Society, he adds a fresh supply of pomatum and tallow, giving it a freshness and inflexibility, beautiful to behold. He is also in the habit of sporting his Sunday coat on such occasions, a long-skirted blue, with large brass buttons, and though the sleeves reach only to the bisection of the distance between his elbows and wrists, and though the seams of the back have become like the brow of the student,

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,"

by constant wear, and though the wide collar has suffered much by its proximity with the pomatum, yet Timothy Brown is the finest gallant of our neighborhood, and like the city of Paris, dictates to its fashionable world in all matters of dress and taste. It may not be improper to add that for a long time he has been the rival of Saul Jones, the president, in the affections of Miss Susannah Stubbs. Hence, he looks with a jealous eye upon every demonstration of the public in favour of Mr. Jones, and he would have seceded entirely from the society upon his exaltation to the presidency, if he had not hoped to have ultimately supplanted him by intrigue. It has long been a matter of anxiety and doubt in the minds of the people, how Miss Susannah will decide in the case. Mr. Jones has profound learning, a most keen and excellent wit to penetrate the inner temple of woman's affections. But then Timothy is gallant and fashionable, the Adonis of the neighborhood, and has somewhat of an intellectual turn, being known on a memorable occasion to have copied poetry into Miss Susannah's album, which we repeat as an effusion of singular grace and tenderness:

The sun has run his accustomed race
And gone to rest in ocean's tears,
There's nothing singular about his face,
And there hasn't been for a thousand years!

Like a bright half dollar here comes the moon,
To illuminate life's checkered way ;
There is no doubt, that all things soon
Will be almost as light as day.

And then, dear girl, will you agree,
Though envious ones to stop you try,
To warden out alone with me,
And view the beauties of the sky.

If you refuse, I'll mourn the day
When these dim eyes first seen the light.
Without you, here I cannot stay,
Without you day is turned to night !

In all the exercises of the society Timothy finds abundant opportunities to advance his prospects. For while the official conduct of Mr. Jones is marked by a stern impartiality towards gentleman members and lady visitors, truly refreshing to witness in these days of favouritism in high places, Mr. Brown has frequently been able in the course of debate, to distinguish Miss Susannah, with an air of delicacy and respect which she must have been more than woman to resist. The style of Mr. Brown's oratory is also in his favour. Mr. Jones, it is true, by his great learning is able to adorn and enliven his speeches with various classical allusions, fitting and effective, but Timothy is by no means backward with his insinuations of the pedantry of his rival and believing that the great men of the ancients have gained their point rather by the medium of the heart than the intellect, he invariably appeals to the feelings of his audience and generally comes off triumphant from this *ayawa* of mind. A specimen contest we may now observe, for the president has given out the subject of debate, "Had the women ought to go to Whig or Democrat meetings," and as Mr. Brown is on the affirmative of the question, he will be able to-night largely to advance in the favour of Miss Stubbs by the eloquence he will display in defence of woman's rights and privileges.

But as the debate is fairly commenced, I will leave you to follow it in imagination until some future occasion is found to reveal more of the proceedings of the Washington Debating Society, and to sketch the portraits of other of its members nearly as distinguished and promising as those who have been already noticed.

J.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

Human ignorance stamps the impress of mystery upon all the works of Nature. In proportion to the increase of knowledge the arcana are revealed, and phenomena which once inspired terror, become familiar and interesting objects. But as the finite cannot comprehend the infinite, so our feeble intellects cannot grasp all of the wonders formed by the Almighty Mind. The stores of learning accumulated by the sages of antiquity, though increased by more recent discoveries, and refined by more thorough investigations, have done little towards affording a complete solution of the great problem of the universe. The glistening dew-drops distilled from the atmosphere of night, contain myriads of insects, each one of which possesses a formation too complex, and too minute for our comprehension. We need not soar to the starry heavens, there to seek the limit of our knowledge in the multiplicity of unknown worlds, for old ocean conceals many a secret in her mysterious depths. As the sombre clouds which clothe the midnight sky with a mantle of darkness, strike terror into the heart of the tempest-tossed mariner; so the sublime mystery that enshrouds the life of every man, when viewed in all its imposing grandeur, prostrates the pride of intellect. Of all the wonders of creation man is chief. Wonderful in his formation, wonderful in his attributes, he is stamped with the divine impress of immortality. While his mental and physical powers are gradually developing, he is unconscious of the change that is conducting him from infancy to manhood. When his limbs wear out, and he descends to the verge of the grave, he knows no cause for his inevitable decay. The frail tenement that once held an immortal spirit crumbles into dust, but no voice from the tomb solves the dread enigma of Life. This is a book written in characters more obscure than the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian Pyramids, and while its leaves like those of the Sibyl are scattered to the four winds, like them there are few gathered, fewer read, and fewer still rightly understood. Mind urged on by eager curiosity strives to comprehend

the Mystery of Life ; but while exploring the untrodden regions of thought, it is lost in a maze of doubts and difficulties, and soon becomes entangled in the wide spread nets of metaphysics. It is itself enshrouded in a thick cloud of obscurity, and in it like the precious pearls in the deep blue sea, the jewelled thoughts lie hid. The statesman holds in his hands the scales in which are contained the all-absorbing interests of anxious thousands, yet no outward token indicates the decision of this inward arbiter. The mechanism of this thinking principle though continually at work weaving out the destinies of ages, is concealed from the inquiring eyes of learned Philosophers. Though an untiring searcher after knowledge, always actively employed in the investigation of Truth, it cannot contemplate itself. If then the source of all thought and action is thus enveloped in Mystery, can thoughts and actions themselves be entirely free from its influence ? No, while the brilliant thought prompts the noble action, and in turn the noble action sustains the brilliant thought, Mystery is the connecting tie. But thoughts and actions form the chief constituents of all moral, social, and political existence. They rule the mental and physical world, and influence all the affairs of Life. It is not strange therefore that the great drama is full of plots and counter plots, revolutions and counter-revolutions whose origin is mystery. Every act, and every scene introduces some new wonder. The diplomatic secrecy of nations, the complicated intrigues of government, and the private whisperings of the domestic circle, all give evidence of the proneness of the *Heart* to mystery. The desire to conceal has often more than equalled the desire to know, and counteracted its good effects. Hence the learning of antiquity did little in comparison with that of the present day. Hence so black a cloud o'er-hung the transactions of the Middle Ages, and gave to that era the name of dark. Mystery was the magnet that held in the bonds of union the discordant elements of the Church of Rome, and gave to her priests their herculean power. Even as a voluptuous robe encircling the form of a beautiful woman, enhances her beauty in the eyes of the sensualist, so Mystery throws a magic charm around the shrines of

those who seek her aid. Covering with its ample folds the defects and vices of the most abominable systems of worship, it infuses a spirit of deep interest in the most unmeaning forms, and ceremonies. It is therefore the very life and essence of idolatry and pervaded alike the rites of Bacchus, the Orphic Hymns, and the Silvan worship of the Druids. This leads us to consider the object, the end which Life is to accomplish, and it is in this respect that it is the greatest Mystery. Secrecy baffles every attempt to seek out the real character of the soul's destiny. The ancient Philosophers built up many a theoretic Babel, which like its prototype was a cause of confusion to its builders. The nearest approach to the truth which their wisdom could devise, was a system of heathenism grand and beautiful in its construction, but resting upon sin the Gothic and Mystery the Grecian pillar. The firm rock,—the only sure foundation was to them unknown, for no message from on high had enlightened their minds. In vain did reason strive to solve this the most essential problem of Life. The inward voice proclaimed the existence of a God, but did not show his relation to Man. The dread of Annihilation common to every breast indicated an Eternity, still its annals were unread. But though the imagination could not delineate the character of the Great Triune, wrapt in all the sublimity of Mystery, and though human intellect could not decipher the scroll of futurity; yet light enough was sent from the Creator of all things, to enable man to understand his eternal destiny. That light beamed from the star of Bethlehem at the birth of Christ, and dispelled the clouds of ignorant superstition. It was an earnest of that sun whose burning rays consumed the sublime and beautiful structures of Classic Mythology. The simple voice of him who "spake as never man spake," more powerful than the mighty thunderings of Jove speaking in awful majesty at the Delphic shrine, solved the Mystery of Life. The Atheist may endeavour to account for the wonders of Creation by sophistical argument, but his conclusions are as unsatisfactory as his reasonings are false. The Bible is the only key to the Great Enigma.

P.

FORGET THEE !

Forget thee ! when the valley stream
 Forgets its pebbled path,
 The flower that droops above the wave
 Each pleasing hue it bath,
 When morn forgets the eastern sky,
 Or noon her glorious god,
 Or eve the soft delicious dew
 That cools her fragrant sod ;
 If hearts are held as blessings be
 Thy memory shall fade from me.

Forget thee ! 'twas a word unkind,
 It breathed not friendship's strain,
 But rather told of fickleness
 Of vow and promise vain.
 Recall it ! for a future hour—
 God speed it bright and near !
 Shall prove to thee how false it was,
 And I how all sincere.
 For only when I silent be
 Thy memory shall pass from me.

C.

PASCAL.

Few seem to remember that life is measured by deeds, not by years. Yet in the most hurried glance at the past, we can bring to recollection many, who though cut down in the mid-day of existence, have by their correctness of thought and action realized the true idea of living, far better than hundreds of others over whose heads eighty winters and summers have passed. Blaise Pascal saw hardly the half of the three score and ten years allotted to man. Yet the achievements of that short life were many and great, and others yet more splendid were stayed by death.

The date of his birth was 1623 ; the place of his nativity, Clermont in the French province of Auvergne. In his earliest years he gave tokens of a premature mental development. How at the age of twelve, he proved, unaided, one of the most impor-

tant theories in Geometry—how, soon after, he wrote a treatise on Conic Sections that astonished Descartes himself—how he discovered and established the true doctrine of atmospheric pressure—how he invented the arithmetical machine, the principles of the calculation of chances, and the method of solving the problems respecting the cycloid—how he settled by mathematical process the general laws of the equilibrium of fluids, we need not relate. Interesting as is Pascal's career as a votary of science, it is not the most interesting portion of his life to those acquainted with his history. We are to behold him in a new character. At the age of thirty, in the summer time of life, he is to give up the pursuit of human learning, to renounce the world and its delights, to check the warm gushings of natural affection, and with the Bible for his companion, to retire into loneliness, an ascetic and an enthusiast.

Many causes combined to produce this determination. Pascal's physical constitution was naturally delicate; and the intense application of his youth had impaired his health, so that he scarcely passed a day without pain. In the stillness of his sick-chamber, the seeds of piety, planted many years before, had full time to spring up. He began to look upon the world in a new light; to esteem the reputation already gained, and the glorious distinctions of the future, now almost within his reach, as things of little worth. But his purpose was fixed by an accident which happened to him while riding, and which well nigh cost him his life. In his narrow escape he fancied he heard the voice of God, bidding him break away from the business of earth and live for his Maker.

Pascal associated on terms of the closest friendship with the Port Royalists, and though he never joined their brotherhood, was wont to pay them frequent visits, and even to espouse their cause in the controversies in which they were engaged. And they had need of such a helper. No two of the many sections of the Romish church were more bitterly hostile to each other than the Port Royalists, otherwise known as Jansenists and the Jesuits or followers of Loyola. Both were alike in devotion to the Papal see; but in matters of doctrine they differed widely; and the jealousy of the Jesuits at the growing influence and prosperi-

ty of the Port Royal brethren, led them to raise the cry of heresy.

In the year 1656, Pascal gave to the world the first of his "Provincial Letters," or, as they were entitled, "Letters from Louis de Montalte to a friend in the country." The remaining parts of the series were published at intervals for more than a year and a half. Never was work better suited to its purpose or crowned with more complete success. Combining argument the most powerful with sparkling wit and cutting sarcasm, the *Provincial Letters* were read by all classes; while the stupid replies of the Jesuit priests were flung aside in contempt. Voltaire—no biassed judge—says of the letters that "Moliere's best comedies do not exceed them in wit, nor the compositions of Bossuet in sublimity." Gibbon was so warm an admirer of the book, that it was his custom to read it through yearly. D'Alembert terms it a master-piece of pleasantry and eloquence, and notices the remarkable fact, that after the lapse of a hundred years, not a single word used in it had become obsolete.

It was Pascal's design on retiring from the world, to bend every energy to the study of the Sacred Scriptures; and having obtained clear convictions as to the truth of the Gospel, to write a comprehensive work on the philosophy of human nature and the proofs of the Christian religion. Three years before his death, every other burden being withdrawn from his mind, he resolved to finish his laborious task. But his work on earth was done. He did no more than gather a variety of material, when wasting sickness came on, and he died calmly and trustfully.

In forming a right judgment of the genius of Pascal, it must be remembered that he left the walks of science at an age when most men have only begun their career. Therefore his splendid scientific attainments were but an earnest of what he might have done, had he been more ambitious.

In his religious character there is much to admire. And yet we cannot help thinking that he mistook the true spirit of the religion of Jesus in practising austerities so severe. He lived alone, destitute of every luxury and of many comforts; and so fearful was he of being flattered by the attention and respect of those who sought his conversation, that he wore about him an iron instru-

ment of torture which served to remind him of his frailty. Yet however harsh he was in putting away everything that could hinder his advancement in holy things, his was a truly loving and helpful spirit. His native sweetness of disposition was never changed, and the poor found in him an abiding friend.

Had he lived to finish the undertaking to which his last days were devoted, it would undoubtedly have been one of the most splendid gifts to religious literature which the world has seen. Nothing was left but a mass of unarranged "Thoughts," many of them imperfectly stated.

Our sketch, we fear, has given but a faint idea of the character of Pascal. Possessed of a nature sensitive, loving and child-like; a dauntless and inquisitive intellect; and piety consistent and heartfelt; he was, in a word, the Christian Philosopher. Higher duties awaited him, and he was called away from earth. His memory lives to cheer many who are braving trouble and suffering in their efforts to serve mankind.

H. G.

THE HORNET.

Whence com'st thou fiery Hussar of the air,
Fierce wandering Ishmaelite of woods and meads,
Supplying in some hidden way thy needs,
Plump with good living, yet without a care
Honey to make or hive; the huffing air,
With which thou skirt'st the clover beds where feeds
Good blundering Bumble sucking at dry seeds;
Or his shrewd thrifty cousin hoarding there,
Speaks very badly for thee, and I fear
That some poor murdered wretch's plundered gear
Furnished the gold lace for thy striped pelisse,
Which all so jauntily thou lov'st to wear,
Hung at thy shoulder; off, thou dost not please,
Thou Captain Rynders of the tribe of bees.

P.

THE FORTUNES OF GAFFNEY.

EPOCH THE FIRST.

It is often well that we are not able, even by the intensest speculation, to discover what may be passing in any sphere beyond the immediate circle of our own. Gaffney is our hero, and Gaffney is our fittest illustration. He has just finished two letters—a burden has been removed from his conscience and one added to the mails. What profound satisfaction does he experience! Lighting his cigar and leaving his room, the brick pave of old Nassau becomes elastic to his step, as he thinks how tickled Tom will be with the details of his last spree—to be especially concealed from the old gentleman; and the old gentleman in his turn with the account of his brightening prospects of scholastic distinction, and his growth in general morality—to be especially conveyed to Tom. He can even afford to visit on the strength of such cogitations, and—behold him in the act! The short-sighted teachers of the modern school of etiquette have declaimed most strongly against the adoption of that position of body which brings the heels a foot higher than the head. Theoretically we approve of it as it brings into play a set of muscles otherwise quite unexercised. Practically, Gaffney does the same—lounging on the sofa of mine host his classmate. About a dozen others in the same room occupy postures equally elegant with his own, and all eyes are turned upon a dark object gyrating most mysteriously at the other end. Truly it is a melody of the sole! Hark! Did thy rapt ear ever drink a harmony more perfect than this which melts through the mazes of the “double shuffle?” Did you ever know what music was till you hung on the “patting juba?” Did the celestial cadences of Mozart ever lift thy soul like the sublime symphonies of the “breakdown?” Never, never. But, Sir Preacher! wander not from thy text. Your first general assertion was to be illustrated by Gaffney. Proceed. Well then, we leave our hero in the graceful attitude in which we found him—his “Havana” slowly consuming—his friends lounging around—the “Sableonicon,” his occupation changed, pouring through the

air, before loaded only with jokes and smoke, the soft measures of "Nelly was a lady." We leave him and away over the blue ridges of Pennsylvania, we take our course to the drawing room of his father's house. His letters are received. The old gentleman having put on his spectacles, breaks the seal of the one addressed to him, and commences. Tom has not yet come in, and his letter lies unbroken on the table. The father reads. As one deeply interested, his eye becomes fixed on the paper. He reads, while gradually more and more intent, he heeds not the moisture that bedims his gold spectacles, nor the beaded drops upon his brow. Dark as night, his brow still gathers gloom as he proceeds, and with each page, surprise, pain, wrath and determination struggle for mastery more fiercely over his lineaments. What is the matter? Finally he is finished, and now with that wonder-working sheet before him, he sits buried in reflection over its contents. Mystery strange and insoluble! Nor does reflection mollify that stern and obdurate expression, and it is only with the unsuspecting Tom's approach that any change discovers itself on those rugged and implacable features. In saunters the hopeful brother and without noticing the appearance of his father, opens and begins the epistle to himself. After a few lines, a perplexed and singular expression exhibits itself in the region of his eyes. A little farther, and he glances hastily in the direction of the old gentleman. Like racers, suddenly surprised by obstacles in their path, his words stumble and hesitate at the unusual spectacle which meets his eyes. "A-mistake here, I suspect, sir!" "How?" "This letter is intended for you—it was misdirected." "Indeed! and I have one in the same predicament," said the father deliberately, "and which," he added, sarcastically, as he passed it to Tom, and received the other, "forms, I doubt not, quite a pleasing contrast with my own." Tom shrunk into a corner, too sure that the old man prognosticated rightly. A few minutes satisfied both. "Ahem!" the father broke silence. "And this is the way, is it that Master George Gaffney"—this was the bursting forth of pent-up thunders—"would attempt to delude his parents, and that," pointing to the letter, in the hands of the shivering Tom—"that is the way, is it in which he spends his time at College?—

abroad at unseasonable hours—intoxicated—and with the most improper associates! I will try if I cannot put a stop to it. How fortunate, I discovered it so early!” Ending with this soliloquizing expression, he called for pen, ink and paper, and did what a great many worse men before him have done—wrote.

Return to the room of the student, and behold the illustration of our text. Is it not well as he lounges on the settee, that he can not see into the old gentleman’s drawing-room? Is it not well, as his mind occupies itself in tracing the intricacies of those shuffles and jigs, that no suspicion of his father’s occupation intrudes itself in it? Is it not well as he consumes his cigar and drops a tear for the untimely fate of poor “Nelly,” that he is not aware of the cat’s being out of the bag at home and his hopes of future fun decidedly damaged, not to say totally annihilated? The impartial hearer must respond—aye.

EPOCH THE SECOND.

At no time are we free from a liability to accident or calamity, and often, in our apparently securest moments, are evils the most nigh. The north-west corner of Nassau Front Campus is a favorite resort a little after twilight—as all the world must know. Why it is so will appear more clearly hereafter. That peculiar hour is now on the tapis, and a crowd of students are at their posts around the posts. The moon is riding ghostlike overhead, attempting and succeeding here and there to penetrate a tough New Jersey cloud with her stoutest beams; while a plentiful number of cigars in the crowd supplies any deficiency in light. Various are the positions which these scholastic youth occupy. Here half a dozen are seated on the stone—here half a dozen more on the fence adjoining—here another six lounging on the iron paling behind, and here six more standing up. One company discusses Jenny Lind, and a taste for music gradually accumulating, as the Sableonicon approaches he is detained to the execution of a few exquisite gyrations on the side-walk. Another quizzes the passers-by on both sides of the road. In this intellectual crowd, a pretty girl

passes for "one of the boys," and other things in proportion. Another holds a furious discussion over the respective demerits of each member of the Faculty; while the last is occupied over a question of honor and of decency, namely: what is to be done with a man who won't have anything to do with any body? The topic here suggested of course excites the utmost vehemence. But all conversation is stopped on the instant, for—*Ecce Signum!*—the mail is delivered and a bright yellow paper containing the names of those who are favored 'per post,' is wafered in the window of the office opposite. A hundred eyes make it their focus at once, while the favored ones spring for the delivery and the disappointed ones turn away, wondering "why they don't write?"

If you have not yet forgotten the name of our hero, you will recognize "Gaffney" on this list, and be interested accordingly. He has this evening, among the loungers of the north-west corner, been the admired author of several original remarks upon the last of the subjects mentioned above, and consequently now feels proportionate self-satisfaction; which is nowise abated by the fact of his name's being on the list—as he is somewhat minus funds and expected his last letter to be a perfect leech on the old gentleman's purse. He obtains and opens his letter. Some sheets of delicate brown tissue enclosed meet his satisfied gaze. These he carefully counts and lays away in his pocket-book before noticing the contents of the sheet. "Three Vs—pretty good! Small favors thankfully received and large ones in proportion," he soliloquizes as he edges up to the window to commence operations. A quadruped of an abridged stature occupies but a brief time in undergoing the operation which more completely fits it for the vehicle; or in other words, "a short horse is soon curried." He reads. Ha!—"The enclosed will pay your fare home." "Jesu, Maria! Coolness refrigerated! What—what *can* be in the wind!" he exclaims to himself; and hurriedly betakes himself to his room. The next day he enters upon his journey home—cries "Whip me! for a donkey!" as he learns the reason of his recal in the tale of his misdirected letters—receives his sentence of dignified obscurity—and suffers it. And now with leathern apron and lap-stone, he is earning for himself the honorable distinction of *A. B.*

as an Admirable Bootmaker, and that of *A. M.* as a Master of Awls.

The intelligent, the discriminating, the logical, the adorable, the reader need not be reminded of the text or convinced of its illustration.

IN MEMORIAM. Boston: Ticknor. Reed and Fields, 1850. pp.216.

The book, whose title is given above, is published without the author's name, but is understood to have been written by Tennyson. It is a tribute to the memory of a deceased friend, and bears the following dedication: "**IN MEMORIAM A. H. H. OBIT MDCCCXXXIII.**" The friend was Arthur H. Hallam, a son of the historian, a member of the bar, residing in London, but who died while abroad in Vienna. His remains were conveyed to a seaport in Italy, where they were placed on board a vessel; then brought to England and buried on the banks of the Severn. The tie of friendship, which was of five years' growth, was rendered still stronger by Hallam's betrothal to the poet's sister, and thus his loss was the more severely felt.

On first taking up the book and finding out its purport, the thought very naturally occurs: What better right than others in like situations, has our author, poet though he be, to obtrude his private griefs upon the public notice, with the desire and expectation of exciting an interest in them? Is there not an indelicacy in thus making a parade of them, leading us almost to suspect his sincerity? That this objection would be urged, seems to have occurred to the poet; for he has modestly withheld his name, and refrained from giving any explanation of the circumstances which called the volume forth. The little information we have upon this point, we get from vague allusions.

If we accept the statement of one who is acknowledged to be a philosopher, as well as a poet, that "the finest poetry was once an experience, but the thought has suffered a transformation since it was an experience," and that, "the fact has gone quite

over into a new element of thought, and lost all that is exuvial;" then the book under consideration may escape censure, at least in respect of obtrusiveness. It is both individual and universal: it expresses the grief, not only of the poet for his friend, but can be aptly applied by all bereaved persons,—bereaved in all relations, and not in that of friendship alone.

The design of the book is contained in the opening poem; which serves, indirectly, as a preface, explaining the author's object in sending it forth. Trust in the goodness of the allwise Creator, and resignation to his decrees, is evidently the spirit which the piece inculcates. It is a prayer, addressed to God as "Immortal Love;" acknowledging him as the Maker of all things,—of Death as well as Life;—expressing the trust that He will not leave us in the dust; asking for more faith and reverence, as well as more knowledge; concluding with a petition for forgiveness for lamenting the loss of the "fair creature," and the desire to be made wise with his wisdom.

The poems are mostly short and without titles of any kind; and in a first reading, unless it be very careful, the impression is left, that there is a want of unity in them as a whole. By making an analysis of them or a brief abstract, however, their connection becomes very evident. They will be found to divide themselves into sections: the poems composing each section, varying a good deal in number; some containing as many as twelve, treating of one subject, others not more than two or three.

In the first eight pieces, the poet seems overwhelmed and almost stupefied with the sense of his bereavement. All objects, once pleasant, call up the bitterest feelings: he is willing to "let darkness keep her raven gloss."

Christmas comes; the old pastimes are celebrated, but the gladness is a vain pretence. The day closes with a prayer for Hope. In the succeeding poems, of this section, after the toil and storm of fearful doubts as to the immortality of the soul, which are dimly alluded to rather than definitely portrayed, a purer air is reached; we are assured, that, faith in a future life is necessary to purity of love in the present. Next are presented many beautiful thoughts upon the condition of the dead in another state of ex-

istence, and some gleams of solace are found in song. At last the hope breaks in, that, all apparent evil will terminate in good, and "every winter change to spring." He bids farewell to the tomb, saying:

"Peace, come away: the song of love
Is after all an earthly song:
Peace, come away: we do him wrong
To sing so wildly: let us go."

Another Christmas comes; but now it is without tears. Death is regarded only as the entrance to a higher life. Grief is no longer unmixed with gayety. The sweet new year "that longs to burst a frozen bud" is reproached for its delay; but when it does come, it brings longings for another friend, desires for peace, delightful college reminiscences, and happy remembrances of summer days spent amid country scenes, with his Arthur "fresh from brawling courts and dusky purlieus of the law;" when they

"Discussed the books to love or hate,
Or touched the changes of the State,
Or threaded some Socratic dream."

These hours of cheerful recollections give place, at times, to many sad ones; but the general tone is brighter; and the future is regarded more hopefully. Even in the genial spring days, and in rosy summer, the poet desires the presence of his last friend.

Fresh associations spring up; the advent of another Christmas wakens but "a single murmur in the breast;" and bells, wild with joy, ring in the Happy New Year. Arthur's birth-day is celebrated "with festal cheer, with books and music, and with "the songs he loved to hear." The fruits of sorrow are gathered in: his character, his eloquence, his gentle manners, the wide scope of his genius, and his knowledge and wisdom are contemplated; thus an apotheosis to worship and imitate is enshrined, The awakening of spring in nature awakens spring in the breast; regret for former happy days passes away; and the benefit of separation is acknowledged. "Human love and truth" do not die like "Nature's earth and lime;" but those "we call the dead are breathers of an ampler air for ever nobler ends." Pale Hesper

sinks with the buried sun, and bright Phosphor is hailed as the herald of a greater light. "The Power in darkness whom we guess" diffuses warmth within the breast and melts the frost of reason. The bereaved one trembles no longer in the godless deep:

"No, like a child in doubt and fear;
But that blind clamor made me wise,
Then was I a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near."

The grief, which at first so filled the heart with bitterness, as to render it incapable of venting itself in many words, which found relief only in brief, passionate, and cheerless wailings over the dead, is gradually calmed into a sadness uninfluenced by the sunniest day. Toward the second Christmas the utterances become longer, and break out through the dark clouds, here and there, in transient gleams of forced cheerfulness. The beginning of another year finds the bereaved friend enjoying pleasant companionship in thoughts of the lost brother of his soul, even amid the gayest scenes. The gloom departs; and the struggle ends with a prayer of firmer faith. The concluding poem, a joyful marriage lay, emblematic as well as commemorative, of all that is beautiful and hopeful, is written upon the occasion of the marriage of the poet's sister. He is now—nine years after the death of him to whom she was first betrothed—willing, cheerfully, to give up the companion of his outgrown sorrow, to another friend.

"Regret is dead, but love is more
Than in the summers that are flown,
For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before;

Which makes appear the songs I made
As echoes out of weaker times,
As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade."

That there is a concealed good in sorrow, few can realize when the agony first comes upon them in all its intense bitterness. It is only when the wound of the lopped branch has healed, that the benefit appears in the thriftier growth of the tree.

B.

Sept. 12, 1850.

SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

That a republican form of government affords the greatest possible facilities, to the perfect development, of a nation's character and resources, is a truth sanctioned by the accumulated experience of past ages. In support of this assertion we cite no precedents, however eloquent and copious the concurrent testimony of History. For it is a truism, which reason pronounces in accordance with the principles of political science.

Exceptions to a rule general in its application, are not so without an agency, human, or divine. Of exceptions we would speak, and endeavor to account for their lonely isolation in the panorama of History. We propose to give but little historical, or geographical statement of the South American Republics. We trust that in-touching upon collateral circumstances, a constant suggestion of primary causes will be unnecessary, that in assuming a general knowledge of existing relations, we need not make immediate reference to the musty records of colonial politics.—The independence of each of these countries was secured during the last half century. Upon emancipation from Spanish *viceroyage*, each province formed a government, upon the basis of republican principles. But however fortunate the patriot's struggle, however happy the legislators' incipient conception, a future impended pregnant with gloom. Twilight soon obscured the halo which the beams of a setting sun had cast around the wrecks of the receding storm. During the last quarter of a century, revolutions, and counter-revolutions,—dictatorships, alternated with unbounded anarchy, have presented in South American affairs a medley of contrarieties. Military despotism and municipal rule have successively displaced each other with almost the regularity of a natural operation. The effects of this routine of antipodes has been degradation of intellect in the individual, incapability of established law, and universal discredit. In contemplation of this all-prevailing distemper, reason demands, why stands the rule reversed. Since Rome once steadily arose amidst the ruins of a crumbling world,—inasmuch as the Anglo-Saxon Republic of the

North has wrested prosperity from frowning empires, wherefore should similar institutions fail where nature has done so much for man; decking his abode with the gorgeous vegetation of the tropics; beautifying his heritage with earth's noblest rivers; lavishing every degree of climate from the snow-mantled Chimborazo to the arid sands of Atacama?

Climatic influences are first offered in the designation of causes. It is a mournful truth, that where nature is most active in developing her mighty mystery, where as to the external, man's situation yet reveals some vestiges of the lost Eden—there stagnates intellect—there hovers passion over prostrate reason—there lassitude begets ignorance, an inseparable condition of slavery. One might suppose that such restless exuberance in the vegetable kingdom, would impart a kindred activity to the plastic mind. But to maintain an equipoise of blessings, the highest excellencies of the inner world are ever found in colder climes. The Cosmos like its creator is bounty blended with justice. Observation, proves moreover that as independence of action and speech are seldom associated with mental inactivity, so liberal sentiments grow unstable in the non-existence of that common, united, and repelling public opinion,—the want of which forms the most peculiar evil of the torrid zone. The absence of a public opinion is the resultant of ignorance. But true Republicanism is the offspring of intelligence; its duration with a people is alone co-extensive with their advancement in the philosophy of existence. Therefore as varying climates modify mind, so do they exercise a proportionate instrumentality upon those most truthful portraits of individual character—national governments. Furthermore all systems of government suppose vigilance in the governors: Republics therefore suppose vigilance in the people. Consequently, we need not wonder at the failure of republicanism in a zone, where vigilance is the antipode of known personal inclination.

In the second place, we urge the incapacity of Spanish mind for the appreciation of a system, every principle of which implies absence of prejudice, and willing coalescence with progress. Ever since the hour, when first the House of Arragon blended its des-

tinities with the royal line of Castile, has the Spaniard been pre-eminently loyal. That blind devotion to his sovereign, distance and danger could not efface. It was the cement of union among the warriors of St. Jago, whilst periling life in the grand tragedy of unfolding the dreamlike realities of a new world. Whether drooping with despair and fatigue, or waving the sword of a conqueror over the ruins of barbaric empires. "Fidelity to his King," was the motto of as holy a devotion as "faith in the Cross." 'To the Spaniard indeed, the divinity of kingly right was a principle conjointly associated with the supremacy of the pontificate of Rome. Rebellion against his sovereign was not, as in England, only a political offence, but a crime of the darkest hue against his religion and God. Such was the loyalty of the American Spaniard, until long after the palmy days of his father land. Influenced by this chivalric superstition, did he frown upon, at its dawn, the grand northern struggle for independence. Spain in the hour of her extremity, tottering with internal corruption, the recipient of external dishonor, could have relied upon the fidelity of her transatlantic offspring, had not a ruinous imbecility of counsel incited her—through a series of exactions unparalleled in colonial relations—to court hatred, where adoration was the acmé of virtue. Bound to the ancient régime by a religion, which has ever proved itself the cement of monarchial institutions—unalienated by contact with opinions generated in other lands,—and as rigidly Spanish in predilection as the peasantry of Andalusia, the existence of Republics at the Equator is alone due to kingly arrogance and ministerial mismanagement.—The premature in nature ever lacks the strength, and proportion of the perfect and matured. 'Tis even thus in human institutions. As the flora of creation, is required to pass through its several stages of development ere an hour of perfection, so a nation, to grasp with advantage the idea of Republicanism, must, through stormy centuries, have been battling and expanding in the cause of human progress.—Such is the prologue of perfect emancipation. The sun-light of morn breaks not on earth without a harbinger. Night and gloom retreat into sepulchres and ivied ruins, before grey dawn. The mists of morning are then lost in the reflection

of some ray, which plays upon a distant summit; and at last mountain and vale are bathed in the glances of the long heralded God. Our American Revolution was but the final act of that mighty drama, which has its commencement far back in the archives of English legislation, and which embraces liberty's grandest efforts—the Magna Charta, wrested by a resurgent people,—the Habeas Corpus, and the untiring energy of many an illustrious parliament. In its development, we discern the measured progress of a principle,—the gradual incarnation of an idea. If such was the gloomy embryo of American emancipation,—by virtue of what education did the colonies of Spain merit the boon of free institutions? With one, the portraiture of liberty upon the canvass of life, was the work of ages,—the result of a constancy unalterable to the noblest principle of human exertion. With the other, the change from loyal vassals to individual sovereigns, was the success of an abnormal effort, a consequence flowing in part from external causes. We must therefore coincide with the resulting deduction, that Republicanism in South America is premature.—In terminating this point, a murmur escapes the philanthropist against this marked distinction, and preference in different races, and varying climes. We would answer, that as Christianity is the constant harbinger of genuine civilization, so a proper conception of the innate dignity of man, and a consequent purpose of self-government are results, inspired alone by the pre-existence of certain virtues, which have been schooled in adversity and graduated in convulsion. The predestination of the Divinity is mysterious. Why from time immemorial the gloom of ignorance should rest over an Ethiopia—why chains should be the heritage of an Egypt, are inquiries, for answers to which the unsatisfied mind turns from the vague responses of philosophy, and demands a reason from the unseen, the omniscient "I Am."

Other causes might be adduced, which we deem operative against the equatorial Republics. Thus the absence of a contiguous monarch, ambitious and powerful, is without doubt unfavorable to principles, that suffer less from external compression, than self-expansion. We omit, however, further investigation.

As individuals of a confederacy, whose executive once express-

ed such lofty anticipations, at the redemption of Spanish America, we cannot but mourn the realization of evils then deemed improbable. But however unsatisfactory the past, however unsettled the present, there yet remains that, which is imperishable in uncertainty—hope. When forth rushed man from Eden's gates, upon his darkened destiny,—retributive justice having allotted mortality as the desert of forfeited law, Mercy dropped the tear, and Divinity at the voiceless, lovely appeal, suffered a single, everlasting ray to beam for the wanderer, far along the path of weariness and guilt. That ray was hope. As its inspiration is divine, so is its province illimitable. The auxiliary of worthy aims, mortal or immortal, it bears the mind to coming revelation and casts a halo around the idea of eternity. May there be present unto ourselves, this gladdening ray, a hope in the coming dawn of a happier epoch, when the angelic guardians of human right shall announce at the Chancery of Heaven, another mighty stride to the political millennium,—truth and civil right ascendent, even hard by the buried empire of the Incas, even amidst the majestic solitudes, and endless Pampas of Southern America. M.

REMINISCENCES.

It is pleasant when seated in a quiet chamber at evening, when not a sound disturbs the calm repose, to reflect on scenes of past delight—to unfold the dusty scroll of memory and review the records of by-gone days. When we recall those sunny days which we spent so happily on the green shores of a distant bay—when we think of our happy childhood—untroubled as to the present and careless of the future we cannot but exclaim—"Ah youth is indeed the morning of life! It is then that blooming flowers of innocence and health are seen in beautiful contrast with the serene heaven of mind. It is then that the sweet warblers of happiness sing their most joyous songs and fill our minds with bright images of that heaven whither they seem to soar." We can never forget the evenings we passed near the pebbled bay-

shore seated on some half-decayed log dreamily listening to the sound of the waves and trying to pierce through the distant gloom. Never shall the remembrance of the sweet hours of toil in our little garden and the ravages made in it by our neighbour's hoary and reverend old peacock, and his consequent death be effaced from our memory. All these scenes are even yet before me. They resemble the stars of the firmament which are the more beautiful as they are the more removed. The past is a world filled with glorious scenes which we love silently to contemplate in the deepening gloom of night. At such moments man is himself. The baser passions of his nature are banished and his heart is filled with elevating sentiments. In this little world of solitude he reflects on his own insignificance, realizing that he is a little spark in the vast creation of God. At such moments he cannot look upon the doctrine of immortal bliss as an idle fancy. For he perceives an intellectual spark within him which is ever glowing and which when separated from the selfishness and corruption of the world, shall burst into a flame of spiritual beauty. He no longer attributes the gentle breathings of affection to the fancy of poets, but traces them to their true source in the hearts of men.

W.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Our table contains nothing but an inkstand which has seen better days, the editorial journal kept with exceeding faithfulness during the past month, a stick of sealing-wax and three matches. Now there have transpired in times past matches which have been the occasion of lots of fun and gossip, but we see nothing in the look of those before us in any way comical. And some have doubtless waxed witty on wax ere this—but our thoughts are sealed on that subject. The inkstand must be employed in the public service. Nothing remains but the Journal which properly belongs to our readers as it is on account of Magazine affairs from the time when we assumed the tripod. Read if you will—but remember the beatitude written of those who expect nothing. Don't expect to laugh—we never yet said anything funny enough to deepen the dimples in the cheek of the gayest of our lady cousins.

Sanctum, September 10th.

A table is to be manufactured in the workshop of the Editors' brain and covered with all spicy materials.

"In what particular thought to work we know not."

We go to market daily—not the one which the lawyers and Common Council had such a good time about, but to our stall in the Post Office. We mark it eagerly "at early morn and dewy eve"—yet in vain. Iago said that "the world was an oyster" and threatened "to open it with his sword." Why not have one vast oyster-supper on our table then? the world is as large and fat now as it was in the days of that "honest fellow." The only difficulty is that though the pen is mightier than the sword it isn't as good to open oysters with. We won't run the risk of spoiling ours in the attempt. It's the last pen we have—and on running our hands into the mysterious penatralia of the Editorial pockets we can't find a single stray sixpence wherewithal to buy another.

Sept. 12th.

Can Jenny Lind "sing the savageness out of a bear?" If so, we shall be tempted to start off with a classmate, who after talking of the Nightingale in company with a small crowd, was heard to mutter with terrible energy as he marched off to solace himself with his violin,—“Must hear, Jenny Lind—*will* hear Jenny Lind.”—“Our sufferings is intolerable.” Editorial cares are pressing us down by their overwhelming weight, and our disposition naturally as serene as a duck pond, begins to be as disturbed as the same tranquil pool when filled with paddling ducks. Why don't the fellows write?

Sept. 15th.

A few advertisements have come to hand. We feel constrained to announce that the Magazine is not an advertising medium. Persons who wish to solicit the patronage of the students, are referred to the Campus trees, especially the one near the refectory. Notices will have a much wider range if posted on the road to dinner, than they would obtain through our columns. From the scraps which Time's "huge drag net" has enclosed, we may select the following on account of its literary bearing.

"Gentlemen of the Sophomore class who have worn out the heels of their boots by assiduous attentions to the peculiar duties of that class, are respectfully informed that the subscriber is now prepared to furnish iron-heeled articles—warranted to make a tremendous racket on the slightest grounds.

N. B.—“Tight” fits warranted if desired.

SHERRY COBBLER,
Boot & shoe manufacturer.

Sept. 18th.

Sorrow has wrung from some burdened heart, strains as sad and touching as the numbers of *Il Penseroso*—as heart-rending as the bitter wailings of *Oedipus*. Read and weep.

TIMES OF SORROW.

BY SIMON.

When being out on quite a spree
 I'm forced by watch to turn and flee,
 And find with all my tottering speed,
 My limbs too slow for time of need;
 And as the end of the fine spree,
 Am caught by one of the Faculty,
 When pondering on the coming morrow,
 Then is a time of sorrow!

When money's gone and duns abound,
 When not a cigar can be found,
 When friends are all as poor as I,
 And I am forced to go quite dry;
 When concerts are in Mercer Hall,
 And I can't take the girls at all;
 Because I cannot beg or borrow,
 Then is a time of sorrow!

No doubt of it, Simon. But cheer up—poor fellow—you'll get a "fat" some of these days.

Sept. 20th.

There has come to hand from "Freshman" a translation of the IV Ode of Book I. of Horace. It shows that the young gentleman has been faithfully attending to his studies, as we believe it is quite an accurate translation. We have no room for the whole, but will gladly insert enough for a specimen of "Freshman's" genius.

• • •
 The meads are gay with flowers,
 And Venus leads her choir
 Beneath the moon's white light,
 To tunings of the lyre.
 • • •

Pale death may beat at kingly halls,
 Or stop at the pauper's door;
 Heed not his foot—heed not his pall—
 With incense strew the floor.

Very well done. But when next you shall present yourself to the Editors, we advise you to come in a garb entirely your own. Doff the Roman toga and tunic, and don the vestments of the moderns. "Genius," said Snooks, when starting on his daily tour around that little world a treadmill—"Genius is apt to be a sorter cramped when it has to go 'zactly in the steps of "lustrous praeda Caesars"—A sentiment both just and forcible.

Sept. 25th.

The incident related in the following lines is instructive, and has all the force of truth to commend its moral to our readers. It speaks volumes to anticipating seniors and aspiring juniors. It says to each—beware!

Part I.

To spout a piece which he did know,
A student in the wood did go,
And made it ring with——

Part II.

To take a walk in the evening air
Went out some Princeton ladies fair,
And unseen, heard him spouting there!

Part III.

To all young men who rehearse speeches,
This sad event most clearly teaches
That when they to rehearse do go,
They should look round both high and low,
For fear that strolling in those grounds
Some ladies' ears should catch the sounds;
And when they rise in church or chapel,
And with old Hermes fiercely grapple;
Those ladies then should whispering say,
"That's the same speech we heard him repeat
in the grove the other day!"

Thus ends the Journal.

And now dear Mag. thou hast "come out." But if men shall sneer upon thee and call thee homely and dull, be not cast down by present neglect, but rather hope that when the more tasteful hands of our successor shall prepare thee for the drawing room of Nassau, thou shalt win all hearts by thy beauty, fascinate with thy wit and instruct with thy wisdom. "So mote it be" is the parting ejaculation of the

EDITOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Some see their fate in our columns where they may read their productions—others would have been in the same category, had space allowed. Among these we may include M. whose article has merit. He may have it by calling. Some untitled verses were not of a sufficiently sprightly character to amuse, which we suppose the author intended. They await his orders. All remaining articles we tossed in the fire, and they made more light and heat there than they would have done in our columns. We borrowed our chum's specs to help us to discover the wit in the article entitled "Animals of the North;" but with a double convex lens were unsuccessful. The complaint of Homunculus ο μικρός, in behalf of the "little fellows," is an interesting document, but there is no place for S——y. The Essay on "Man" is distinguished for nothing but the originality of the subject. The author of the piece entitled the "Metaphysics of Moonshine" probably didn't breakfast on fish. (Seniors will please explain *that* to the lower classes.) The author of the ballad, describing the bloody battle of the Football, is respectfully referred to the first Editor of the Junior class, when he may be elected. The writer may become a Froissart with patient perseverance.

TO EXCHANGES.—The Princeton Magazine—the Amherst Indicator and one number of the Boston Evening Gazette have been received with pleasure.